

## TO HEAD OFF HOLLER.

The Crusaders Object to His Having a Permit.

## THEY WILL FURNISH BACKBONE

For Judge Elliott. When the Application is Made for It—A Mass Meeting Projected to Carry on the General Crusade.

At the meeting of the Anti-Liquor Crusade committee last night arrangements were made for holding a mass temperance meeting one week from tonight at one of the city churches.

The pastors of the various churches are to be asked to dismiss their regular Thursday evening prayer meetings in order that their members may attend this meeting in the interest of temperance and prohibition in Topeka. A committee consisting of S. B. Bradford, Rev. C. M. Sheldon and A. K. Rodgers was appointed to arrange a programme for the meeting, and it is understood that County Attorney Safford will be asked to address the meeting and tell the temperance people what he has been doing, and what he proposes doing in regard to the enforcement of the prohibitory law.

H. C. Root was appointed and directed to draft a petition for a grand jury, which will be presented for signatures at the mass meeting which he held in the First Presbyterian or First Congregational church.

The committee is watching the drug stores closely and a special committee was appointed to go before Probate Judge Elliott and protest against the renewal of Fred Holler's permit to sell liquor.

Holler was one of the druggists arrested on information furnished by Rev. C. M. Sheldon, and if convicted when his case comes to trial he would be unable to get a permit for a term of five years. The committee considered that this was sufficient grounds upon which to ask Judge Elliott to refuse to issue a permit at this time.

The committee received and accepted the resignation of Mrs. L. E. Thorpe as a member of the committee.

The committee on finance reported having appealed for a \$10 contribution from each church in the city to carry on the work. Each member of the executive committee is now making a special effort to assist the officers in the enforcement of the law.

## THE CRUSADERS AT WICHITA.

They Send Important Letters to Chairman Breidenbach and Leland.

The anti-liquor crusaders at Wichita are going into politics in a way that is calculated to make the party politicians tremble.

This morning Chairman Leland of the Republican state central committee and Chairman Breidenbach of the Populist committee each received a letter from the Wichita crusaders.

This letter which was signed by over 500 voters, represented that each individual whose name was attached had entered into an agreement to abstain from the use of alcohol after the first day of April, 1894, they would vote for no candidate for any office, municipal or state, who would not come out squarely and publicly pledge himself to a vigorous enforcement of the prohibitory law.

Chairman Leland says it is a matter for the candidates themselves to consider and says he is willing to put up the Republican candidates as individuals favoring the enforcement of law against the candidates of any other party.

Chairman Breidenbach is writing a letter in reply but has not yet publicly expressed his opinion on the matter.

## NORTH TOPEKA.

Items of Interest from the North Side of the river.

Miss Fern Donnellson of Kansas City, is visiting the family of J. H. Heller, on Central avenue.

The team attached to Vesper's broad wagon ran away on Kansas avenue this morning and was stopped by W. C. Steele. There was no damage but a broken neckyoke.

W. H. Wood has returned from a two days' trip in the country. He says there is the finest prospect for crops he has ever seen in the state.

The funeral services over the remains of Mrs. O. A. Hearick will occur at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at the Congregational church. She will be laid to rest beside her father in Topeka cemetery.

The suffragists held a meeting at the colored Baptist church last evening. A large audience was present to listen to the talks of Judge Little, Mrs. Fouts and Mrs. Scribble.

Miss Ella Shoemaker and Miss Nora Norris departed tonight for Salt Lake City and expect to attend divine service in the Mormon tabernacle next Sunday. They will spend some time in Colorado before returning.

Wm. Finch returned from Leavenworth last night bringing back his horse and buggy which was stolen. Sheriff Burdick is expected here with the thieves today.

Denver Dolman has given up his position at J. H. Heller's.

Mrs. R. D. Dolman is entertaining Miss Bessie Miller of Glasco, Kansas.

Lukens Brothers are putting an elevator in the opera house building.

Will Hewitt returned last night from the Emporia convention. He remained there yesterday to assist at the burial of George McFadden the printer who was killed by falling from the top of a freight car.

845 North Kansas avenue. They meet all competition.

"Our New Delight" and all Dangler stoves at H. M. Climas.

For bargains in shingles see E. P. Ewart, Gordon and Kansas avenue.

Go to Will Griffith's for the best tin, galvanized iron and pump work.

## ENSMINGER'S ROUND UP.

Interesting Culprits Who Were Brought in by the Police.

The police judge was a little late this morning in arriving at his post of duty, but there was not a great amount of business waiting him excepting one case of a man who ran a social club.

The first little case was that of George Morgan, whose presence Officer Steele was responsible for. George had his trotter out yesterday afternoon and when he struck the beautiful pavement on Quincy street he could not resist the temptation to let him slide into a kite-shaped pneumatic tire gate, and did not stop him until Judge Steele rang the gong. He pleaded not guilty and as the witnesses were not present the case was continued until tomorrow morning. The prisoner was released on his own recognizance until that time.

There were also three cases of weak men who had no wives to support them. James Williams was the first one called and pleaded guilty to vagrancy. He was a colored man, and told a straight story, the reward of which was a discharge, which he accepted with a low bow and a full exposure of his gleaming ivory.

M. K. Stutta, a tourist who encloses Pullman cars and was on his way from California to Ohio, when he dropped into the arms of our vigilant Mets, came next. The judge let him go.

George Myers represented Officer Campbell's days work. He is a young man who used good language and told a straight story as to how he came into town from Abilene, and was in the Santa Fe yards waiting for a train to go to Kansas City on, when he accepted the officer's escort to the station. The judge concluded he was all right, and sent him on his way.

Awful Bill Dillon. Then followed the sensation of the day—the assault and battery case of desperado Bill Dillon who was accused of having thrown a huge boulder through the parol of little innocent Oscar Espelin. The court room was crowded and as it had been whispered that it was due to the bravery and daring and at the risk of life and limb of those valiant Officers Steele, Gish and Campbell that Bill had been prevailed upon to appear before the court the name was announced amid senatorial silence as the crowd shrank together to make room for the bloody browed outlaw. Even the court trembled with concealed excitement. There was no response to the call and prosecuting attorney Hunsinger falteringly muttered the name again. A wee fearful voice answered, "Yeth, thir." It began to look as though the dignity of the court was being tampered with. The judge arose and looked over his desk, and there almost directly under the reporter's table, stood a timid, shrinking, unrepentant boy of eight years. It was Bill.

"William Dillon, you are charged with disturbing the peace," thundered Mr. Hunsinger, now fully assured, in his most impressive tones; "are you guilty or not guilty?"

Clear, the abused, stood beside his tormentor and toward above him with his fifteen years, while the prisoner fearfully told his story, received a fatherly lecture from the judge and was discharged.

Then came the case of James McCoy, a colored individual, who is the erstwhile president, or proprietor of the "North Topeka Social Club." There were a host of witnesses in this case and Lawyer Lehnardt defended the prisoner. Nearly fifteen witnesses were examined without bringing out any particularly sensational testimony. Ella Backner was the complaining witness and the defendant endeavored to show that the complaint was a piece of spite work. The most damaging witness was John Garrett who swore that he had bought beer at McCoy's place at the corner of Curtis street and Kansas avenue, had drank it a glass at a time and paid a quarter for it. Most of the witnesses who had consumed beer there were compelled to admit that they understood it was furnished by a Republican candidate just before the primaries and that they didn't pay for it. George Long swore that he had drank beer and that he had had it charged to him by Jim Drain, who seems to have been the club's librarian, was also examined and swore that McCoy gave that to him. Tickets and checks were produced as evidence and the judge concluded that McCoy had had about \$200 worth of fun so he fined him that amount. McCoy has announced that he will appeal the case.

## ED HOWE'S SOUVENIR.

One of the Handsome Editions Ever Printed in Kansas.

When Ed Howe goes into a thing he usually goes in big. Perhaps the handsomest edition of a newspaper that has ever been received at the STATE JOURNAL office, was the pictorial historical edition of his Atchison Globe issued Monday evening. The paper contains twenty pages, clearly printed on fine book paper. It is embellished with four or five hundred splendid cuts of people prominent in Atchison historical and business circles, and the sketches of early life in Kansas, are not only as comprehensive as possible but are put together with such excellent literary skill that even one not conversant with the incidents would be at once instructed and amused. It is certainly a magnificent copy of a good newspaper.

Do not wear impermeable and tight-fitting hats that constrict the blood-vessels of the scalp. Use Hall's Hair Renewer occasionally, and you will not be bald.

The Crowning Beauty of Woman is a luxuriant growth of hair. Berge's Hair Renewer is guaranteed to give satisfaction, as it is purely a vegetable preparation, and acts directly on the roots of the hair. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennady.

This week \$5 shoes for \$4 at Furman's.

This week \$4 walking shoes for \$3 at Furman's.

West Up in Smoke. Many a nickel and dime has gone that way, but you won't feel as though yours had gone that way if you buy your cigars from Stanfield he keeps the best imported 5 and 10 cent cigars.

Furman's \$3 warranted shoe this week at \$2.50.

## AFTER PARADISE.

JUMPIN JOE OF CHEROKEE MEETS A STRANGER WHO ISTOO PARTICULAR.

He Wanted to Go, but Kicked Because Jumpin Joe Wouldn't Plant Him—A Rip Roarer Named McGee Who Was Still More So.

One mornin I saddled my hoss and set out fur the town of Hope Center to exhibit my grasshopper and work up a sale fur my Magic Cement and Cherokee Sassy-parilly.

"Purty soon I met up with an ole man who was walkin lame in the left leg and had a sorrowful look on his face. I gin him the nod and was loopin by when he halts me and sez: "Stranger, I want some informashum. I was one of the sooners, but I'm one of the laterers to git out. How fur might it be to a spot where ye git water which don't taste of bakin powder and Providence sorter 'pears to prevail in a general way?"

"Hain't ye got a little too pertickler?" I asks as I aggered that he was risin of 60 in his age and was about done up.

"As how?" he sez. "As lookin fur paradise," sez I. "Mebbe I ar," sez he as he shakes off a cloud of alkali dust—"mebbe I ar. If ye was a lookin to git out of this kentry, which way would ye head?"

"Sorter upwards, I think. Jest as easy to go up from yere, ye know, and it'll save ye a heap o' walkin on that lame leg."

"I hain't aggered on that," he sez, lookin fur away over the plain, "but it strikes me sorter favorably. This yere Cherokee strip must be down on the map up that, same as the rest of the United States?"

"Sartin to be. Yere weary, wanderin soul won't run no risks on that head. If water wasn't so blamed skeerful, I'd suggest that ye wash up a bit afore ye change climates."

"How fur is it to a creek?" "About 14 miles. On the hull 'praps ye'd better go as ye ar."

"Yes, I think so. Would ye figger that I would benefit by the change referred to?" "Sartin to. Can't find nuthin worse nor this, kin ye?"

"Guess not. When would ye go?" "Purty soon, I guess, though thar hain't no call to rush things and git all tangled up."

"And what'll ye do fur me in case I makes the change?" he asks. "As how?"

"As to puttin me under ground and sendin word to the folks in Missouri?" "I can't do nuthin in that line, ole man. If ye can't lay around on yer arth after yer dead, same as the rest of us, ye'd better keep yer breath and move along. This hain't no kentry fur a pertickler man."

"Who's pertickler?" he yells as he flings up his hat. "Ye 'pears to be."

"It's a blamed lie! Stranger, ye ar the most selfish and unreasonabler critter I've met up with in Cherokee, and I kin lick ye in a fair fuss! Will ye plant me or no?"

"I won't!" sez I. "Then I won't lay down and die!"

"Then ye kin limp right along and be darned to ye fur an idiot!" "WHAT HEY YE HIN DOIN' TO THAT INSEK?"

"Then I will away he limps, and I soon lost sight of him over the ridge. I had gone along about two miles further and was thinkin of the unreasonableness of human natur' when a feller ridin a shamblin ole hoss turns in on me from a side trail. I wasn't feelin any too peart and was fur ridin along, but he stops me and hollers:

"Stranger, ar ye lookin fur a lake with a gondola onto it out in this yere kentry?" "No, I hain't," sez I, feelin riled up a little over his remarks. "I'm the pilgrim what carries a grasshopper in a bottle and sells Magic Cement and Cherokee Sassy-parilly. All respectable families use 'em. Don't need any shakin before usin. Can't be had of nobody but the undersigned, and he gives a guarantee with every sale."

"What hev ye bin doin to that insek?" he yells as I bring out the bottle and held it up.

"Broke his hind legs off yesterday and glued 'em on agin to show the vardschows of my Magic Cement. Got 'em on wrong, ye see, but that don't make any difference to the hopper. If he don't like this durned kentry, he kin git out of it. Besides I don't see what ye can do, I don't!"

"Oh, ye don't?" he whoops as he bobs around in the saddle. "Stranger, mebbe ye knows a rip roarer down around Cow Creek by the name of Bill McGee?"

"Mebbe I don't and don't keer to!" sez I, lookin at him sorter hungry like.

"He's a powerful critter on a rough and tumble foot," sez the stranger as he looks a bit tingly.

"Mebbe he is, and mebbe he's powerful on the run when he hucks up agin a good man," sez I.

"He's lightnin on the draw and death on the shute!" "And what of it?"

"He kin outstride, outout, outfight and outoller any human thing on the face of this arth!"

"Mebbe Bill McGee might be yer own name?" sez I, feelin purty cantankerous with my feelin's.

"Mebbe he might, and mebbe ye wantter swaller them words o' your'n," sez he. We both started to draw at the same time, but I got the drop on him by about two seconds. When he realizes that I was one count ahead on the game, he softly sez: "Stranger, this is a world of vanity and disappointment."

"Yes, she ar." "I shall be powerful glad to leave it, fur my sorrows ar many, but I hope ye'll do me a favor afore ye pulls trigger."

three miles on a knoll, and I want ye to hold some sorter funeral over my lifeless remains. It hain't fur myself, but fur my pore ole mother's sake."

"And mebbe ye want me to dig down three or four feet?" sez I. "At least three," sez he.

"An ye want a head board fur the grave?" "It would sorter soothe me to know I'd hev one."

"And mebbe ye want the arth heaped up and patted down and sunflowers planted thar to wave above yer karkass?"

"I should, feller critter—I should. Not fur my sake, understand, fur I hev no vanity, but on account of my mother. In fact, if ye wantter spread yerself and make my last restin place the jim dandiest spot fur 30 miles around, I hain't no object-shun."

"But I don't wantter," sez I. "I thought I had met the perticklerest critter in Cherokee back yere a ways, but ye outshine him. If ye can't be shot like other folks, then I won't shoot at all!"

"But it's fur my mother," he sez, wipin a weepin tear from his left eye. "Wash, I don't wantter hurt yer mother's feelin's, but I hain't golt to all that trouble fur nobody's mother. Drap yer guns and git off'n that hoss."

"What fur?" "Fur to take a glide on foot and to leave ye in no shape to bluff another pilgrim."

He pitched his guns onto the grass and got outter the saddle, and as I p'int to the west he scrapes his foot on the side in a graceful way and blandly sez:

"Pilgrim, the partin gives me pain, but slich is life in the Cherokee strip!" "I then rid on to Hope Center, with his hoss followin, and I sez to the first man I meets, sez I:

"Kin I git a fair trial in this town?" "What fur?" sez he. "Fur robbin a man back yere 'bout four miles."

"Who was it?" "Bill McGee of Cow Creek." "Ar that his hoss?" "She ar."

"And did ye take his weepin's?" "I did."

"Then ye don't want no sort o' trial. I'm the coroner and about all the rest of the law in these diggin's. The verdict of the jury is that the durned kyote met his death while prancin round to pick a fuss with a peaceful man, and the hoss and the weepin and other loose things will jest about make up my fee."

"But he hain't dead," sez I. "I took his hoss and weepin's, but let him git a'n."

"It's all the same," sez the coroner. "Ye orter killed him, of course, but bein ye didn't somebody else will afore night, and I'd close the case now."

That was all, except the boys raised sich a row that the coroner finally put the stuff up to 'em and let 'em in on the deal. I got one of the guns, but she hain't no great shakes. I use her mostly to skeer my grasshopper when he gits cantankerous and overpertickler about bein broke up and cemented together agin.

A Unexpeted Remonstrance. A civil engineer tells this story: While overseeing a gang of men who, with mule teams, were hauling loads of dirt, a friend of mine—a ventriloquist—came up and stood by my side, watching the men at work.

Presently a mule, driven by a large, red-headed and fiery-tempered Irishman, balked when right in front of where my friend and I were standing. The Irishman soon lost his temper and began to belabor the animal with his rawhide. Every now and then the mule would turn his head and look reproachfully at the angry Irishman, but still refused to budge an inch.

"Now, just watch the Irishman," the ventriloquist whispered in my ear. At that moment Pat, losing all patience, gave the animal a tremendous kick in the ribs with his heavy boot.

The mule turned his head, and looking the Irishman in the face opened his mouth. "D—n you, don't you do that again!" The voice sounded as though it came direct from between the mule's parted lips.

The whip dropped from the Irishman's hand. For a moment he stared at the mule, and then without uttering a word, he whirled about and bolted down the valley as fast as his two rather lengthy limbs could take him.—New York Herald.

Highly Professional. A well known attorney in this city has a bright clerk. He is so brilliant that some day he'll be a lawyer. One day the attorney entered the office, and the clerk said:

"Mr. B.—was here to retain you, sir." "Did he say he would come again?" "No, but I took the retainer." "Bright boy! What was the retainer?" "Fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars! My retainer fee, you know, is a hundred. You have been very unprofessional."

"But he said \$50 was all he had." "Huh! And you took it! Good! Very professional, my boy; very professional!"—Detroit Free Press.

Immediate. She came and stood beside his chair. "Papa," her sweet voice faltered, "he has asked me to be his wife." The old man started.

"And, papa?" The girl's head drooped. "We want to be married at once."

"My child," he exclaimed, "it is not in my heart to stand in the way of your happiness. Tell your ma to lay out my dress suit while I raise a minister by telephone."—Detroit Tribune.

In the Atmosphere. "And father has forbidden you the house?" said. "Yes," he replied. "This is the last time I can see you."

"Harold! You must go and see him." "It's no use. The last time I met him he made it clear that he had decided on a lockout and wouldn't arbitrate."—Washington Star.

A Guilty Conscience. Strawberry—Here comes the deacon of our church. Hello, what's he crossing over for? Singlerly—He recognizes me. Strawberry—Doesn't he want to meet you? Singlerly—No, I guess not. I was with him over in Paris for a couple of weeks.—Truth.

Based on His Knowledge. Slyboy—Well, good day, Charlie. Drop in and see me some time when you haven't anything else to do.

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Teeth Extracted without Pain, 25c.  
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## UNION PACIFIC ROUTE. Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo \$15 for the Round Trip.

Tickets on sale July 21, 22 and 23, good returning July 27, Aug. 2 and 25, 1894. Leave Topeka 1:05 p. m. arrive at Denver next morning—7:30 a. m. Leave Topeka 11:35 p. m. arrive at Denver next evening—5:30 p. m. For all information, call at 525 Kansas avenue. A. M. FULLER, City Agent.

## WROUGHT STEEL RANGES

is the time when the system requires something to equalize the temperature of the circulation, and strictly pure ice cream soda, such as Stanfield serves will do it.

Notice. The regular concert will be given by Marshall's Military band at Garfield park on Friday evening. Admission tickets will be sold all day, but persons leaving before the concert will have their money refunded.

Hot Weather. All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as one trial of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve for Scalds, Burns, Bruises, Skin Affections and Piles. J. K. Jones

Have You Tried Beggs' German Salve For Piles? If not, why not? Can you afford to suffer longer for the sake of 25 cents. This is the price of the greatest salve on the market. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennady.

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